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## MAKE BELIEVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Kiss me, though you shake believe—
Kiss me, though I almost know
You are talking in a dream;
Let me take me moments now
Before the dream shall break;
Only for these pretty sakes!

Give me of your power, one leaf!
Give me of your smiles, one smile!
Backward cut the life of grief
Just a moment, though, the while
I should feel, and almost know
You are trifling with my woe!

Whisper to me sweet and low—
Tell me new yet old weary
Dreams about me, though I know
It is only make believe!
Just a moment, though 'tis pain
You are joking with my pain.

## NORWOOD;

OR,

## VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Henry Ward Beecher, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

### CHAPTER XI.

### FAITH RE-ENDUED.

On their way home from the funeral, Judge Bacon, Parson Buell, Dr. Wentworth, and Barton Calhoun walked together, talking of the old times and the funeral. The whole town seemed to have turned out. It was even proposed to use the church, not so much in respect of the dead as of the living. Few families were there where Hetcher Bell was not ministered, and there was unusual sympathy for her now. But she and Barton, who seemed the arrangements, thought it wiser that Tommy Bell should go to his grave from the homely quietness where he had lived. A prayer was made, a hymn sung, and, if Tommy heard it, his spirit could not but have been content, also, at the sad reverence of the dear children's voices. There were enough people now that he was gone, to say vital things of him, and to apologize for his eccentricities.

"I have always been of opinion," said Judge Bacon, "that Tod would have been a man of great power in society if he had been subject to early training and favorable circumstances. The rough material was in him, and edmonton might have stood it to the proportions of an uncommon manhood."

"Yes—with him, Barton, when he died—did he seem to have any proper conception of the solemn event?" inquired Dr. Buell.

Barton's account of his interview was striking. There was a moment's silence. Judge Bacon remarked, breaking it:

"I suspect that it is all right with Tommy. No doubt, the good Lord was merciful."

"Good Bacon and man's saving evidences are not to be confounded," said Parson Buell, "all that man can do is to inspire whether in the judgment of charity, one's life or dying experience gives evidence of gracious affections."

Tommy Tod's character was marked with many strong emotions, but he would be bold who should say that his was a Christian life."

"But do you not think there is some evidence that, at last, he was led to put faith in the Saviour?" said Barton.

"My own pastoral visits developed nothing particularly encouraging," replied Dr. Buell.

"Your narrative is certainly more hopeful. Yet, I should speak of a sudden dying experience with great caution. It would be mischievous for men to suppose that a wise life, perverse and worldly, can be rushed out into a state, by a momentary glow of feeling, in the last hour." I should think, Barton, that his experience was more a manifestation of affection for you than for his God."

"Here there is no positive evidence," said Dr. Wentworth, "of his condition, let us charitably hope that the seeds which glowed at the last was not quenched in death. He humbled himself in Barton for very love. He followed him to Christ. True love is meditatorial. If to any state of mind God would reveal himself, it would be love and submission. It was not regular. What regularity is ever logical? Will a sheep herd refuse a returned sheep because it follows a horse, a bullock, instead of the shepherd in his own suit?"

"I perceive, gentlemen, with all due submission to your superior gifts," said Judge Bacon, blandly smiling and waving his hand, with a gesture that seemed to put away the whole question, "that your wisdom leaves me to the pulls out the kitchen." Why should I put cloud-colored eyes upon a minister, of course we should have to let him go."

Barton looked at Ruth some slight asperity:

"Do you think that a moody temper and harsh treatment should have served him better than a rough tongue and a warm heart?"

"A thousand pardons, my young friend," said the judge, accepting with perfect good nature the implied censure, "I yield, I yield. I should put them into the calendar, and hereafter swear by St. Tab. He excelled in the grace of preaching."

"I fear that he was profane," said Parson Buell, "though not to my presence."

"No? I am surprised?" returned the judge. "However, swearing is for the most part a mere rhetorical enforcement—a system of interjections, to be had hence formula of exaggeration. There is much pious swearing. A church-member slips on the ice, and exclaims, "goodness, now!" Tommy Tab would have said, "d——n!" Both meant the same thing. A bold man would swear, and say it. A skillful man smash swear, but says "gracious!" All insinuations are swearing, a kind of hand cards, are they not, parson?"

"Swear not at all; let your communication be yes, yes, nay, nay," said Buell. "No doubt many common hye-words are only a sort of cowardly profanity. But the guilt of profane swearing is not lessened by calling it an interjection, or by raising the cuphalances of bye-words."

"Well, well, dance or minister, whichever of you conquers, I perceive that both of you in your hearts have put Tommy in heaven, and that he is as well off as if he had died as a stake a martyr for religion."

"By no means," replied Buell. "There are infinite degrees of excellence and of happiness in heaven. One may enter as a king, others as subject; another enters "so as by fire." One exhibgant may come on in the court by shipwreck, saving nothing but his life; and another, after a prosperous voyage, lands, with his goods, among friends that he has gone before him. Both are safe; but one is a pauper, and the other well endowed in his society. Let us reverently hope that Tab, at the last, behold and accepted the Saviour. But this by no means places him at the side of those whose earthly life was a long career of virtue and self-denial."

"Sermonizing," said Dr. Wentworth, "is a great breeze. I have found few persons who do not confess to believe that their children are saved. It is other people's friends that we refuse to justice. Our own, by some indefinition of affection and grief, rescued. Indeed the *Infinite* and the *Eternal* are words without meaning, by gift grief impressed upon the tongue. As chemical reagents, whose touch brings out colors, Time, Infinite, Eternity, reveal in us what we come face to face with eternity, all our reasonings retreat before it. Men die as they do their beliefs. But they will not let them stand. Like the Jews in a siege, they build on the ruins of their old defenses, and fight on."



Views of God's use of Nature as a Revelation tend to unsettle faith. In my own case, it has led me back to my childhood faith again. I was brought up, in effect though not in theory, to look upon Nature as something dangerous—with no relation to religious feelings, and, indeed, as a source of infidel danger. I had never learned a minister employ nature as an auxiliary of the Bible, as if there had been not one, but a conflicting series of revelations, all witnessing to the same truth, but in differing degrees of clearness, the full light and disclosure coming in Christ Jesus."

The doctor answered:

"I believe the Old Testament is a storehouse of religious feeling exalted by the objects in nature. The Psalms of David play upon all the aspects of nature familiar to Palestine, and summon every living thing to bear witness to God. But many ministers seem to think that Nature is a kind of enemy against the Bible, and that we are determined that they will defend the Bible against the aggressions of insidious Nature. As if "in making the world, many sense to tell God saved up the best truths, even for a will. Nature shadow them, reserving them for revelation. But Paul thought it worth the pompous thing that God framed the world for the purpose of revealing the invisible things (powers of Him man. "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

"I am always certain, however, that for your help I should have made shipwreck of my faith. I find a cause in which nothing was said to me merely because the Bible said so; but when, under your help, I found the great truths of the Bible indicated and corroborated in Nature, I was wonderfully strengthened. Indeed, I consider that the turning point in my history."

"I am not a variety of infidelities which make religious difficulties almost a disease," said Dr. Wentworth. "Then the reason would be the threads of religious belief which from his earliest years have woven the figures of care, fancy, affection, and reason itself, without doing a violence to the whole fabric, have been the means to survive.

"The process is itself destructive, but is in made worse by the odium attached to scepticism—so that the child, the youth, the man, is in fear of the mother of all immorality. This public sentiment is supposed to be purely intellectual, but in fact it soon drives a man desperate by its infliction. Then, when the mind, in its desperation, has been grown hot and moistly by speculations with he supposes to be purely intellectual, and which are a mixture of intense feelings, of fixation, and of irregular reasonings, a man becomes a question of from philosophy as possible, but peculiarly well calculated to produce mental confusion and bodily and soul."

Barton replied:

"I need no testimony on that point. I now see how I, and, I think, many my reasons appeared. But it was in some respects a blessed infidelity. It made me sure. I became convinced that the reasonings of those who became related that the reasonings of those who became related that the reasonings of those who became related

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

fight, suddenly he was challenged by a sentinel, and warned of from what should be wise not even to think. It was a camp of Georgia troops just come from Savannah. His heart stiffened. The morning steps he resumed to his hotel. The fever was already returning with chills, and among them many military men. He began fully to realize that Charleston was a foreign city! He was in his own land and yet not under his own government! He was, however, not regarded as a stranger. Not only was his father known, but himself in the name of the State was known also; and young Heywood, so presenting his letter, found himself welcomed to the best society of the city. It was taken for granted that a young Virginian of such lineage as his, would rush in his ire with instant enthusiasm with the sentiment and glorious movement of southern independence. But he can best tell his own experience in a sort of journal letter which he kept for Judge Bacon, who leaned to the southern views far more than did any of Heywood's other friends, and who, therefore, was relied upon for advice with more confidence than they would be when identification with the north would of necessity put one color to all their questions.

"You can imagine the state of feeling here by nothing which you read or hear in the North. It was the opinion of many in Massachusetts that such mad war-fever could never have merely for political effect. I confess to have had the same notion; but I have it no longer. These people are in terrible earnest. I do not seem to myself to be in the same country or nation as when at the North. If every man I met should be to me a foreigner, I think he would hardly be more an alien. Nothing but the city or harbor, except the flag, would remind me of the United States flag. It seems to me intensely in the Palmetto flag! There is nothing such a current exhilaration—there is nothing such a current of life—in any one place on all their coast as here! I am not a secessionist, but I am disposed to sympathize with them. I reproach myself with my inferiority of moral conception. Every night, when I reflect on the vitriol and eloquence of the day, I am ashamed that I do not show my colors. But one must be brave indeed who would deliberately walk into the fire. It would be scarcely less than this to avow sincere attachment to the Union. I have been cured of my touchy and hasty of others, which for the sake of the South I will not name. But I am determined, at all hazards, to state to some of the leading gentlemen my true convictions."

"Since I have made known to my father's friends my opinions, if it were possible, I am treated with more cordiality than ever. I am not only invited to social gatherings of every kind, but my friends take me with them to their political consultations. I am thus put in possession of the secret councils of the leading Southern men. I am in despair of the future of the Union as South Carolina is concerned. And the letters and messages from other States seem to give assurance of cordial cooperation. My future looks dark to me."

"I wish you could have been with me last night! I had the finest time. I am here in the sanguine of future union than ever. After much persuasion, Major Anderson was induced to send an officer to Washington, with a committee of safety, to instruct the government in withdrawing its troops from the fort. Lieut. Hall is the officer. He has sacrificed his own interests to utilize that he shall advise his government to maintain their occupation of the fort. In hope of changing his view, and of convincing him that there is no chance whatever of its being done, that secession is a fact accomplished and ended, the managers here last night arranged a magnificent entertainment, and as my case needed treatment, they had me invited to it."

"Lieut. Hall is a man of the most delightful manners. It was something in this wise:"

"'The people of the North and South are essentially different. There is no hope of their unanimous, their cordial cooperation. Habits, opinions, social customs, cause, and will assimilate, there deficiencies. It is useless to try and conduct a government together. Perpetual disagreement and jangling must follow. Has the late leading thoughtful political men of South Carolina have long been satisfied of the soundness of these views. That they were fully determined at all hazards to separate from the Union. It was not a sudden freak, but a matured purpose. Was it not better then, instead of pushing, or doing a desperate case, to yield to the inevitable? Was no compromise practicable? simply because there were no special grievances which the South need complain of. That, to speak frankly, their grievances had been urged merely on the method of leading the people, but that the thinking men did not regard them as of any value. But the real motive lay in the prospect of a future which could not be realized in a continuance of the old relations of the two sections.'"

"'I do not like what Lieut. Hall will do, but my eyes are open. Can it be that these things are the inevitable lot bounds of human life? I am sure that in my own State it is not so. Virginia is true to the Union. But what if the flames that are here kindled should spread? What if my own State should get up a fire that already needed? Can I fight against my own flame? Can I join my beloved and high spirited Governor? Can I remain neutral, and yet this great issue be settled by the sword? I am neither for the Union nor for my State!'"

*March 5th.*—"I have been making a tour of the batteries with Gen. Beauregard. If I had ever thought that Sumter could long remain in independent which threatens her, I should be disheaved of such opinions after seeing what I have to-day! Every point of land from which a battery can be made to bear on Sumter has been secured. Great numbers of men are perfecting the works. Huge cannon are being under cover and waiting the completion of the works. In many batteries cannon are already mounted. In Fort Moultrie the artillery destroyed by the garrison when they took possession of Fort Sumter, has been replaced. Every thing is approaching completion. March is wasting away; April is at hand. Every effort has been made to induce Mr. Lincoln to withdraw the garrison, and thus avoid a collision. But I am told that he is obstinate, not to say determined. Fight and war are thus provoked, yet upon those who have visited him the impression is abroad that he was given to feel the fear of there—a defiance to the Confederate flags which fly from the batteries of Charleston and Sumter."

"As I stood upon the parapet of Fort Johnson this afternoon, my wind freshened and rolled out the flag from over Fort Sumter with that peculiar motion which gives one a feeling that there is life in the flag, and that it stretches out its arms from the over-vollum of its folds. It lifted itself from its drooping position, half disclosed its form, and then languidly relapsed again. Again, and with more impetus, it raised itself, rolling out heavily in a series of convolutions, as if it felt an inward struggle or spasm. It drooped again. Then, though I felt no quickening wind where I stood, it was plain that a current moved high in the air, in which, with a certain calm force, it was lifted up and stretched out at full, and then its stripes slipped, and on it held for a self without recoil or droop.

"Heavenly said, the it shall be. After some struggles the banner shall stand at last, spread out in the light of day."

"Scourged, too, had watched the same scene. I knew not what thoughts in him were seemed passing. There is a singular combination in the expression of his face in dull, his eye fiery, so that his whole countenance is like action, with the mind asleep."

"With some emphasis he said:—

"'It shall not fly there long.'

"I asked him whether it did not pain him to be reminded of the flag under which he had been reared? He paused, as one does who analyzes his feelings, and then replied:—

"'In our fathers' day this was the flag of the Union. But it has been made sectional by northern fanaticism. It no longer suggests protection and security, but tyranny and oppression. We look upon it as it is, not as it was. And yet, sir, if Major Anderson would evacuate the fort, and relieve this harbor of the threat implied in his presence here, I should be sorry a painful necessity.'"

"'Then is the test sympathize with those who wish to dismember the Union?'"

"'I am not with those who believe that a new empire is arising! I have nothing for the North. They must work out their way. We mean to build up a Southern empire of agriculture and manufactures. A Southern realm a grand empire. The best interests of the world are on the pattern of a continent! We have an industry which will be the wonder of the world. Cotton is king! Ours is not a rude and clumsy slavery like that of Russia and Austria. Ours is the intelligent and simplicity of the Hebrew and the fine organization of the Greek. Our slaves are the finest race that spreads out like a turgid swamp and poisons the air with fatal fevers. We have forced him into channels—converted him, as it were, into a machine. We have given him a religion, homes and mills. Our people, relieved from drudgery, have been afforded opportunities for high scholastic culture. Here is to be a new era—an epoch in history. Literature, the drama, poetry, the arts, schools of science and of painting, the colleges of a cultivated people, will flourish. I am sure I see that flag standing in the way of all this magnificent development, and I repeat that upon it it it were there as glorious as it is here it should not long fly!'"

"I think he was sincere. He is an enthusiast. He is a man of genius. He is a man of confidence and is not unwilling to express it. He is a man of pride. He is a man of honor. He is Carolinian. They are certainly eager, enthusiastic, and determined people."

"Will it be a difficult task to breach the fort, or will it be a bloody one? What do you think?"

"He replied:"

"'We and they are well protected from artillery. They have had a good officer, and will not expose his men. If they will not fight, the fort is breached.'"

"Will war troops be sent to reinforce it?"

"'Not unless we are assailing a breach.'"

"Sir, the Southern Confederacy will not be content with its own nature, that it is barely a credit to him to be recognized as a power. It must be a nation, or a bound with. The Northern men in general, are resolved. If every fort there is a battle before he learns to fight. The Southern soldier is quick, my listener, and brave.'"

"We shall weep every thing before us."

"'Is there no way of avoiding actual conflict? Can not both parties withdraw? Can not Fort Sumter be evacuated, and the batteries dismantled?'"

"'Sir, the Southern people would defer explanations, provided Anderson would state the reason why he refuses to withdraw and not to surrender; at any rate, if it were a new fort.'"

"'I am sure he would. He is on honorable and humane man. Besides, he could not and will not oppose your right to such positions as mine. I am a Southern man, and I am sure that I have a right to defend my home. And think that I mean nothing when I say I will die in the last ditch before I surrender it.'"

"The knight black brows contracted slightly as he said it quick, but he only laughed in his reverend way."

"Well, sir, I shall not have all to another day to meditate upon the advantages of being natives of Sacred Soil. I can afford to wait for your answer, child, because I know I depend that you will not. I am confident that all these pretty, haughty airs of yours will soften before the morning sun. Perhaps Mistertion quite as rarely as they do my little Gertrude."

She made a passionate gesture.

"Do you not believe me, sir, that I have not for you such love as men desire in a wife? I am sorry, indeed, that I do. But I will give me a week ago the question you have requested of me—whether I will marry you. Then I will been taught to look up to you as to a parent."

"I shall not be content with any answer in that regard."

"I shall speak myself the possibility of changing it to the most proper of wifely affection," he replied, with a sneer in his voice, "and I know that you were ever anything else."

"I shall not change, sir, sir. Oh. I am very sure of that. I love you, and am grateful to you for your kindness to my father and my poor child, but every instinct of my nature revolts at the thought of being your wife."

His brow knit again.

"Let us drop your supreme nonsense, Syra, and, child as you are, you ought to know it," he said, in a tone of command. "I am not to be complained. But come to the drawing-room, with me. Mrs. Mistertion will be glad to see you, my neglect her," he added, with sudden change of manner.

She followed him through the dining-room, and there unshakable, in spite of her fears and agitation. But her air was thoughtful and troubled, and she was very pale. Mistertion noticed this, and thought she was.

"Child, I have asked Mistertion to his store declining at last from his efforts to ascertain what Mrs. Mistertion's sentiments are. I've been waiting for you to ascertain Mrs. Mistertion's sentiments. Have you done so?"

"Oh yes; and the situation will be just the same as it was. Mrs. Mistertion will not approach a position as the one at Chester's would be. She will not be one to separate me from my husband, and her by the same nail. Mrs. Mistertion will be very kind to me, I am confident, but I am sure she will like Chester. Its curious what a difference there is in people."

Syra lifted her eyes during this speech, and with a look of surprise and indignation, and received heard from Mrs. Wharton since Olivia, but Mistertion remembered her, and as Lionel Masterton left the room, saying he would go to the library and attend to his matter at once, her glance followed him to the door with an expression of rancor and eager attention.

Mrs. Wharton was an old family friend of the Masertons, now in impoverished circumstances, who had written to Miss Olivia to inquire for a situation as housekeeper in some gentleman's family, where she would be likely to receive the consideration due her former circumstances, and be treated more as an equal than a servant. Miss Olivia did not know that Syra received a letter since here, in which Mrs. Wharton announced the fact of her having secured already just such a place as she wished. Syra quickly resolved to keep that information to herself for the present, and to write to her mother herself, and to send away early to her own apartment to ponder some scheme to defeat that which she had yet to arrange.

Now Mistertion, after all had retired, as she supposed, she descended and noiselessly sought the library—a comfy, half-dark, half-cozy, curving her red lips as she espied the two letters upon the table, waiting morning only to be dispatched to their destinations.

Just glancing at the superscription of Chester Yale's letter, she laid it down again and took up Mrs. Wharton's. She could read it in the dark, she said, with his usual carelessness, Mr. Masterton had so negligently sealed this letter that she could easily open it, while she proceeded to do, removing the contents, and depositing in their place a blank piece of paper, and re-sealing it more effectually than Lionel had.

This done, she clutched her escape to her own apartment again without attracting attention.

"Mr. Masterton has often asked me of late what I should do if I did not marry him," she murmured to herself as she moved actively about her chamber. "I will show him what I will do. I know that Heather Hall cannot be my home long, and am not refused to become the wife of a master. That is the alternative he means to force upon me, and I will show him that I, a child as he persists in considering me, I am capable of anticipating even him."

When Lionel Masterton went down to a late breakfast, which was the custom of the house on an early riser, he found his sister, who was of the Mistertion habit likewise, but less inflexible, sometime in the dining-room the morning, free from her usual attendance upon her father, who was usually up with the lark. Breakfast was served per a title, and then Lionel went to his sister to see if Miss Syra had risen, and to tell her of his intended departure.

The servant replied that Miss Syra was in bed, the young lady's couch did not seem to have been disturbed over night at all, and she thought was not in the room then, though it how she had left it. In short, Syra had vanished from the house, and her luggage was missing. Hall, leaving behind her only the briefest of notes, which was addressed to Miss Olivia, over which Lionel Masterton bent his black brows angrily:

"DEAR GRANNY.—I'm off, tapping that when we are married you will not be willing to receive a woman who can of so mean birth of a present, if I am to be your wife. Have no anxiety about me. If I find that I cannot take care of myself I will be sure to write to you. Your affectionate child, SYRA."

"The reckless child! I wonder what she has put in her head now!" he muttered, with much anger and anxiety. "I have a mind to wait and see what she will do, and then punish her. It will not be long before she will be ready enough to return to her comforts and to her home, and the lesson may do her good, and prevent her from ever trying such a trick again. Katherine—"

"Yes, sir?" said the servant, who was standing by.

"Send some one to Heather Hall, and tell Mrs. Wharton that the new housekeeper they had engaged has run away, and that I am coming myself to see about it."

The servant rose toward the last of the speech to express his complete satisfaction at the news that the new housekeeper they had engaged had been run away, and then went out to herald.

Both Olivia and Lionel read smoothly, Mrs. Wharton's letter, and were much surprised to regret that she had already engaged her services elsewhere, before learning of Olivia's desire for more to obtain them. Could there be two Mrs. Whartons?

Curious to solve this puzzle, Olivia wrote to Mrs. Wharton's address as her letter stated, and Lionel to Chester Yale. Replies came from both, Mrs. Wharton's from the Mistertion at her double, and Chester Yale visited Olivia in person before the week was ended, whose services he had been so fortunate to secure. His mind had been at rest after Mrs. Wharton could possibly, privately better. So Olivia had expressed her interest, and Olivia had to drop the subject.

Lionel was not pleased at his interest, but he felt some, or else he would not have sent for Yale. Olivia, to his relief the morning of the arrival Lionel's letter, questioning her of her knowledge of Syra's movements, and received from Miss Lionel himself, she most of course knew them.

Mrs. Wharton—Mrs. Mistertion—was very distinctly, and with some emphasis, that she did not know Syra's movements. She had left, and she brought had been written by Lionel Masterton, and knew. Who else could it be? Who written by?

Lionel frowned herself plainly enough, but Chester Yale did not feel altogether satisfied that he had told the whole truth. Indeed, he could not for the life of him conceive why she should have written to him.

Mrs. Wharton, Chester Yale's housekeeper, was a much younger and handsomer woman than it had not been for the disfiguring caps she wore, which also concealed her hair, and covered her hair completely. She had an unusually young, fresh face, and really a fine figure for a woman of her years and sorrows. Her dress was of the most perfect neatness. Chester Yale manner quiet, her eyes nearly always downcast, and there was enough of thoughtfulness in the fact that she must at some period of her life have been a lady, to make her interesting. They were large, dark and lustrous still, beyond any eyes Chester Yale had ever seen, and he became he encountered them—which rarely happened—he felt as if he were looking into a mirror that all through him, that he could not in any way account for. He thought it a strange, unpleasant sensation, but what he said did not, and in a short time he had forgotten it.

Mrs. Wharton's face was pale, and her eyes were always downcast, and she moved quietly and noiselessly about the house, and was very neat in her dress, and was very much in the habit of wearing a cap, and was very much in the habit of wearing a cap, and was very much in the habit of wearing a cap

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

### MY BEAUTIFUL ONE.

BY NATHAN URHAM.

I.

Over the dew-drop and over the rose,
Over the rainbow and over the skies,
Over the hill-top and over the glen,
Over the hamlet of all hoary men,
Over the rainbow, yea, over the sun,
Over them all, dwells my beautiful one!

II.

Sweeter than flowers, was the smile of her face;
Lighter than fawn's, was her step, full of grace;
Deeper than dew-drops, the love of her eyes;
Purer than the blue of the sky,
Softer than a dove's, the tone of her voice;
Dearer to me, for she was my choice.

III.

She is still bright, if she walk the air;
Night is still sweet, if she linger near;
Memory, then, for presence is true;
Truth, ever lovely, for she was so true;
Love is still mine to whom it was given,
For the bright queen of love dwelleth in heaven!

## THE HAUNTED MIRROR.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

You all know what sudden gusts are apt to sweep in a thunder storm. One of these blew us into the hospitality of Howard Hunt.

It came, hot and angry, as my friend and I passed before his galaxy—blowing our hair about our faces, filling our mouths with dust, blinding us and frightening us; and just as I had gasped, "Three miles from home, and I am so dreadfully afraid of lightning," an arm was offered to each of us, and a voice said, kindly:

"Allow me to escort you into the house. It is fortunate that my house is near. The storm will break over us in five minutes."

And we had offered thanks and apologies, and were under the roof of the handsomest house in the village before the first rain drops fell.

My friend knew Mr. Hunt, at least by name. I saw him for the first time on that day. He was the one man I ever saw to whose form or face or voice I could find no fault.

With a high-bred courtesy that in itself must have won a woman's heart, he offered us a choice between the parlor and the study as a home for the storm-tide. Some of their brothers and sisters remained within, and we looked into the rain-driven street, upon the park, and saw the branches bend in the blast, and the lightning bend the sky, and heard the thunder roar, and were thankful indeed for the consideration of the gentleman who had so gallantly offered us the shelter of his roof.

My friend was a lively, self-possessed matron of some forty years, and I was a girl fresh from school, with romance in my head, and dreams—Moore and Byron and Bulwer had awakened them in me—of love, none of their heroes could have been so handsome or so attentive in every way as this man, I thought. Yet I scarcely fancy that he knew my glance rested upon him often, for I took care that when his eyes were turned away, and nothing more.

My friend talked for me; and soon a delicate and tempting lunch was served, after which, the storm passing off, we were made comfortable, each side for protestions, Mr. Hunt drew us home, and left us, promising to call soon, and to be met by my friend said, "socially."

"I never ask you about Mr. Hunt, Nellie?" asked my friend that evening.

"No, I think not."

"His is rather a romantic history. He was year ten years a widower and unlucky. Three or four attempts to make a fortune had left him where he started—burdened on leasing cottages, with nothing but his education; and despairing of anything better, he married a young orphan niece of a newly-risen family, who had made a sudden fortune in hotels, conducted, etc., in Saratoga.

"They 'did' Italy and France, and all the rest of course, and finally went to England, where, it is said, a modest lady fell in love with him.

"She was a gifted woman—Lady Blanche something, I've forgotten what, and she was almost broken by the cold and exceptional weather. They were married, and he actually brought her home to die of the cold, she would have declared indignant, and here she died in three months. He never made the acquaintance with any, for he were all too much below her, perhaps, in her opinion, or were unwilling to meet her on such unnatural marriage. Anyway, here he has stuck ever since, and is looking old enough to be his grandmother, would be the case, and grandmother he is not. But she left him a million and a half dollars, and he is a rich man, and lives in this handsome place, and has a fine library, and is a man of taste, and has done their best to win him, but he is obdurate. Perhaps the prize may be reserved for you, Nellie."

So our conversation ended with a jest; and a few indeed it seemed to me, for I never fancied that Mr. Hunt could have noticed a shy young thing like me, who had no desire to say the slightest word to bad not entered my head to think myself pretty; yet when, in a week, he called upon us, and when, the summer wearing on, he became a constant visitor at the house, I, a fawn, and I knew, that he was whom he liked best of any there, a strangeness thrilled my soul, and I wondered as one might to whom a fairy book had been given.

The time was drawing near which was to end my visit, and I was glad, also, when the christmas-moons and marigolds bloomed in the garden, it should be for me to be remembered as one who is lonely or autumn so sad.

Should we part, then, and should I never see him again? I asked myself, but I could not answer. It lay, I knew, with him, and he was not a girl is powerless.

He had looked into my eyes. He had held my hand lingeringly at parting. I had memories of tender words and looks that might mean more meaning than lay upon their surface, but I knew nothing of the future. It might be his way to be with all women, this gentle way that had won my heart.

And I knew no more of the truth, when one day came to me a message. Mr. Hunt was, ill, seized, desirous of filling his house with guests. A dinner party, to which I was invited for a week. The pleasantest people in the world, Mrs. H. said, and it was a shame to add but boys, who were such romps. So! of course we would go.

And we went.

A pleasanter and more congenial company could not have been gathered together. We met for the first time at dinner—a feast; it deified me then.

And in the evening we almost danced in the drawing-room, and wandered in the gardens, where he had placed a band that discoursed sweet music, and had given orders for the old fellow who dwelled night-air, and boats, and moonlight upon the lake, sweet Chinese toys innumerable with doors.

And to me the best of all was, leaning upon his arm in the gardens, the moon above us and the stars in a distance.

He must remember it. When it was over and life, such as existing a servant-woman along the kitchens and corridors to my chamber, I was still in a sort of dream. I entered a door she opened and heard her say:

"This is yours, Miss," and saw her put down the light and turn away with a courtesy, and was alone.

Then I sat down in a great arm-chair and looked about me. It was a splendid room. A lady's evidently. The colorite appurtenances were perfect; the mirror the most beautiful I had ever seen. The bed and window hangings were of lace. The carpet seemed to be a square of white velvet, in the centre of which birds fettered over a nest of eggs embowered in foliage. Two arm-chairs of white velvet, and a lounge of the same material; a cabinet of curiosities and some rare china completed the furnishing; and over the carved mantle hung a miniature. I arose and took it down. It was the portrait of our host. I could not resist the impulse—I lost forward and kissed it. I kissed it on the pictured lips, and then, in an ecstasy of girlish shame, extinguished the lamp, and hastily undressing, sought my pillow.

How long I slept I do not know. But I awakened with a start. The moon had then and her light fell through the window upon the mirror opposite the bed. Looking towards it, I saw within its heart a strange sight—a bright gold and white—and smiled it a man's figure. There was no one in the room. How could the mirror reflect what was not to be reflected? I thought, dazed, but I had no power to turn away my eyes. Once I had looked into one of those diminishing magic mirrors that reproduce all in a much smaller scale. So rose in this ordinary mirror I saw a picture in which the figures were but a larger than dolls—the furniture like that of a doll's house. I saw a bed in which I lay, my self. The bed also, but on the other side—sound asleep—dressed as my self, and a lamp on a table. A table stood by the bed, in a corner, and on it was a white cloth, and on the cloth a tray of food, and beyond a plate in his hand from which red drops were falling. I saw the red drops on the white cloth, and the eyes fitted as though regarding some object near them.

The whole vision, if vision it were, lasted some five minutes. Then it faded away, and I sank back upon my head and I heard, amidst a terror so great that I dared not strike twice. I think I fainted—swooned, at least—for when I awoke it was late, very feverish and looking very ill.

Mr. Hunt, who had been so old enough that this strange thing was only a dreadful dream. It was, indeed, I felt, a warning, perhaps, a little delirious. My hands were hot, and I was afraid to order the bath, and so, fearful of what I had seen to say one.

That night I left Saratoga, to delay the hour of eating, and actually left my light burning. I felt that I could not sleep in the dark or the striking of the clock.

Twelve—I sat up to hear, so, for it was eleven before we parted, and the strokes were many. The light was burning, and I was not afraid. My eyes fell upon the mirror, for an instant, as one sees a flash of lightning, and I saw again the strange picture. The room—the bed—the woman lying in it. I sank back, and covered my face with my hands, and I shrieked aloud.

My cry brought the servant, and she found me sitting up, trembling, with my face hidden in the bed-clothes.

"Are you ill, Miss?" she said. "There is not in a quarter of twelve." I must go to bed.

She left me, and I went to the mirror and began to unbraid my hair. The light fell full upon my face, and I was looking at it in a dream-way of way, when I saw in the mirror the same strange blank line overspread the glass, and my own face pictured in it. I turned, and nearly looked upon twice.

As before, it was one, on a diminished scale. The furniture placed as in my room. The bed, with the same lamp on the table. On it, a plate. Within the bed, a woman's face, with the black and white disinterested eyes, and the dreadful mouth. A hand—a man's hand—bore her wan hands on the coverlet, and the hand was that of Mr. Hunt. I knew it, and I knew that it was the hand of Mr. Hunt. He were a loose drawing-sleeve—such as I had seen in my own mirror. I noticed that his hair was cut and parted in a different fashion. I noticed that the lamp-shade on his eyes became evident to me. The servant—I don't know if I did—I suppose I must have summoned her, for she was running wild, to my nothing of my own. I remember that Mrs. Hunt, for Mrs. Chesley had married her husband, and I had been told that she was dead. She was nothing.

"Oh, my dear, Dr. Brower always insisted that this was nothing on earth but the 'hypo' I was given to, and I make my offerings to the god of exercise and too much of an indoor life."

"Do you think that you can speak in that way? Do you dare to laugh at your Destiny?"

"Don't you think, Miss Chesley, you might rouse yourself a little? The house is full of people, and they will be wondering what you are running wild, to my nothing of your Destiny."

Mrs. Chesley laughed, for Mrs. Vernon had hurried her off to her own apartments, and was scolding and was soothing.

"Oh! Nellie, how can you speak in that way? Mrs. Vernon. "Thank fortune, I am not yet sufficiently old, wicked, whatever some people may hope."

And then she did go to exchange the despised furniture chintz, and returned with classic white, in her own room, and forgave me and had her many a day.

Mr. Hunt and the dining-room her banned sat by the window, with Maddie Smith in an animated talk with him, both apparently unnoticed in conversation. Maddie colored scarlet at Mrs. Vernon's reproachful countenance, and making some excuse she left the room.

"I am sorry to have interrupted your téte-à-téte, Major Vernon," said the indignant wife, addressing him.

"No interruption at all, my dear," said the man, unchallenged.

"But perhaps you may as well know now as at any other time that I have much improved that henceforward I shall need no deputy to protect my household."

"I am very glad to hear it, my love."

"And I must request, my friend Miss Smythe may not share your guest chamber."

"Certainly, my love," said the wife, as she was just according to as the fault was to be hers—"certainly, my love."

"Shame, Major Vernon!" And to whom? "Shame, Mr. Calvalry."

Mrs. Vernon's face grew radiant. "I must go and congratulate her."

Mrs. Vernon was surprised at the affectionate warmth with which her henceforth fright cousin whispered pleasant words of congratulation.

"Major, she said she returned to the drawing-room, "I have a surprise. I heard it all."

"What?"

"That my folly had—had estranged your heart from me, and that you were acting on my own advice in—in—in—

# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUST LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. VII.

MY APPRENTICESHIP.

Having moved and discovered sovereignties—Indeed, every form of periodical—from childhood, I early resolved to be a printer if I could.

But eleven years old, hearing that an apprentice was wanted in the newspaper office at the Whitehall, I accompanied my father to that office, and tried hard to find favor in the printer's eyes; but he promptly rejected me as too small, and, what was not rotent; so I went home downcast and sorrowful. No new opportunity was presented till the spring of 1826, when an agreeable was advertised for by the publishers of the Northern Spectator, at East Poultney, Vt. That paper had just been purchased by an association of the leading citizens of the place from its founder, Mr. Lemuel Smith, and Mr. Lemuel Stuart, who had started it at The Poultney Gazette, three or four years before the Village, though larger and more active than that town, had not subscription to the support of a newspaper; but the citizens though otherwise, and resolved to maintain one, under the management of a committee of which Mr. Jay Huntington, now New York an editor—Mr. R. G. Horne, brother of the more distinguished editor of *The Comprehensive Advertiser*—paid handsomely for the printing-office and good will, and went ahead. Much of the old forces bearing with the new proprietors, there was room for a new apprentice, and I wanted the place. My father was about leaving for the wide West in quest—of a farm? Never so, but needing my services, he readily acceded to my wishes. I walked over to Poultney, saw the publishers, came to an understanding with them, and returned; and, in the fall—afterward—April 18th, 1826—my father took me down and verbally agreed with them for my services. I was to remain till twenty years or age, to be allowed my board only for six months, and thereafter forty dollars per annum for my clothing. So I stopped and went to work, while he returned to Washington, and soon after in quest of a more inviting region. He made his way to the township of Wayne, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the State line opposite Clymer, Chautauqua county, N. Y., a spot where his brothers Samuel and Lorin had settled a few four years before, and made home in the tall, dense forest which covered nearly all that region, and for twenty to fifty miles in every direction. He bought out first one, then another pioneer, until he had at length two or three hundred acres of good land, but covered with a heavy growth of beech, maple, elm, hemlock, &c. Having made his first purchase—which included a log hut, and four acres of clearing—he returned for his wife and family, and I walked over from Poultney to spend a fortnight with and bid them adieu.

It was a sad parting. We had been hard times together, and were very fondly attached to each other. I was urged by some of my kindred to give up Poultney—where there were many inducements to the office not exactly to my mind—and accompany them to their new home, where, they urged, I could easily find, in its vicinity, employ and better chance to learn my trade. I was strongly tempted to comply; but it would have been bad faith to the men who had nursed my face toward Poultney with dry eyes and a heavy heart. A word from my father would be the critical moment, might have overcome my resolution; but she did not speak it, and I went my way; leaving them soon to travel much farther, and in an opposite direction, and I, after parting was over, and I well on my way, I was strongly tempted to return; and only the shame to Poultney (15 miles) was one of the slowest and saddest of my life.

I have ever since been thankful that I did not yield to the temptation of the time. Not that there was a capital place to serve an apprenticeship, but that I found there a printing-office where I was more intelligent and moral; and there are few villages wherein the intelligent, moral and studious are fewer or less addicted to the use of ardent, and hard cider flew about as freely as water, and who are fewer or less addicted to gambling and management of our establishment were vicious; for all appearance we did not have one master, and I had a succession of them, and often two or three at once. Two of them I have not left my treat, the company broke up or broke down, as any one might have known it would, and a memorable fray in the village became owners and managers of the concern in turn, and had a succession of editors and of printers. These changes enabled me to learn my trade, and receive a more liberal allowance for the later years of my apprenticeship; but the effect was to my lasty ruled for the most part, and, as to instruction, every one had pretext therefor, and none that he could. In fact, as but two or at most three persons were employed in the printing-office at present, it would have puzzled an apprentice to avoid a practical knowledge of whatever was done there. I had not been three a year before my hands were blistered and my back bowed by working off the very considerable edition of the paper on an old-fashioned, two-pull hand-press (wooden press—a task beyond my bright strength—and I can scarcely recall a day where in we were not hurried by our work. I would not imply that I worked, nor hard—not I that few apprentices work more steadily and faithfully than I did throughout the four years and over of my stay in Poultney. While I lived at home, I had always been allowed a day's fishing, as soon as the season in spring and summer, and I once went hunting; but I never fished, nor hunted, nor attended a dance, nor any sort of party or fandango, in Poultney. I doubt that I averaged a game of ball.

Yet I was ever considerately and even kindly treated by those in authority over me, and I believe I generally merited and enjoyed their confidence and good-will. Very seldom was a word of reproof or dissatisfaction addressed to me by one of them. Though I worked diligently, I found much time for reading, and might have had more, had every leisure hour been carefully improved. I had been generously loaned books from the village library while in Vermont, and found good ones abundant and accessible in Poultney, where I first made the acquaintance of a public library. I have never since found so much time and opportunity to enjoy them as ample as while there; I do not think I ever before or since read so as much profit. Then, by that apprenticeship is distasteful to and out of fashion with the boys of our day; if so, I regret it for their sakes. To the youth who asks, "How shall I obtain an education?" I answer, as a rule, "Learn a trade of a good master." I hold firmly that no man who has learned a trade is quite the knowledge they need than by spending the same years in college.

I was kindly allowed to visit my father's family that my western home twice—once shortly apprenticeship, having a furlough of a month in which to spend it; once after I entered the office of the Erie canal, on those line-boats whose home is the canal, with a cabin and a hold (one hour' so many yet remember. Ballrooms, as I am informed, the dog-eared delvery yclept Greeley to those gliding arks, being enlivened by various evening games; but the nights were my own, dious beyond any sleeping-car experience. At length, however, I was promoted—at four shillings—full-blue beliefs, and driven on deck to swallow my wishes the cabin was destined of its beds and made ready for breakfast. I say nothing as to the service I rendered, if any one seeks to recall the good old line-boats, I object. And I was promoted from driver to steersman, and thenceforth on all the trips I made I had the honor to steer—not

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## EMMY ALVIDE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Emmy Alvide is a sweet little girl.
Her mouth is as red as a ripe strawberry;
Her forehead like Rose, and her neck like a pearl,
And her sensual laughter is wicked with mirth.
And the scale of all Spain, canary and wild,
Dwelt in the tongue of her beautiful speech.
For Emmy Alvide is a beautiful child,
And the prettiest girl in the Asturian lies:

Seventeen summers, sweet Emmy Alvide,
Has thinned on the world, a perennial lisse—
Seventeen winters her tresses divine
Have caught all their colours, and by their
Crown
So says Alvina is too young for me,
With her sister's age, and her baby ways—
My trust and her bloom would as ill agree—
As mid-winter snowwork with the roses of the
Mays.

The lilies that listen to hear her pass
Would shrivel at my shadow, and wither and die,
The children that crave her touch hide in the grass,
If they felt my black waterhouse going by.
For I am a man of strange sorrow,
I am too old to compliment,
Fifty winters have smeared on my brow—
What can my song tell one?

Once, I remain on the cheeks of the living Age,
I played with the Hours of Humanity;
I turned like a star on the poet's page—
And that was in love with love, will be!
I felt the fierce leap of her fiery blood,
As I clasped her heart and her soul in essence,
While the thunderous opera of passion—
Rushed and hushed in her face.

Oh, my soul has a memory grand as Dante—
The mirrored pictures were there,
The mirrored pictures were lit with the lights sublime
That fall from the awful heights of Trust!
When the days were scrapless-winged with time,
Clustering sweet passion at the flower's core,
While I built the towers of a starry name
About the sphere of my glorious sun!

Who but Song, sweet spade of the exquisite mine
Were fanned to the heat, like a delicate flower,
With the wine of all subtle and strange delights!
We spilled "and the roses of Cyprian's bower"
Into the fire of our passion, and drank
Its odorous smoke, and I shall sing
Of it—within the ivy of Memory,
That clambers up the ruined tower.

Epitaph me—Hic Sit was a life?"
Oh, sometimes, sometimes, when I am dead,
So the Ages may read as they stagger by
The record of that was ever said!
Emmy Alvide, my poet-child,
Where I fall asleep in that dreary zone,
Come to my grave when the winds are wild,
And sing me to peaceful repose!

And I shall hear you, and smile in my sleep,
For the life we live in love will be!
I shall know you are near, by the shadows near
Which have never been known before!
Hence, sad grief, for where I am gone,
I shall have stormed such a grief, that your May
Upon the land that your heart is on
And the heart that loves you is cold for aye!

Away, your sadness, bold and strong,
With no fatuous glances and beautiful mouth,
Shall be dead as I was young,
And the fiery blood of the reckless South.
I am a prisoner now, what will seize
I had my triumphs long ago,
And I have felt the fierce heart-blood rise
In rivers of music, when heart to heart
Gave me one sweet Emmy Alvide.
You are dearer than life or fame,
Than the sunlight that falls on the ripe red wine,
I declare that I would sell the dregs now shaken
Give me one kiss, for my love that is vain,
For the dim moment my life to the brim
Thrills, and forgot there is sorrow and pain,
Any where—anywhere—with him!

Emmy, you tremble, with childish grace
Recognize your guilty bosom on its breast—
Ah, her mouth pout!—ah, beautiful face,
Would you not kiss me, my child? Nay, nay!
Or, since on my lip and snow on my brow
Stands the sentence of Time,
Might seem a crime with the thirsts of a vow
And the gardens of June where my sweets ripen
So!

Her strawberry eyes look straight in mine,
Her wonderful lips unswerving move:
"If you love her, I give to you Emmy Alvide...
To keep your heart in spite of me, my sister
Ah, Emmy Alvide, my beautiful May!"
You have taken my heart from winter and
cold,
The child of your lover is wan and gray,
The heart of your lover is sorrow grow old!

## WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "HISTHOUGHTS, YOU MAN SIXTEEN," "SELF-RAISED," "VICTORIA CLARENDON," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER LXXXI.

LENNY'S EXPERIMENTS.

The last week of February was Millionnaire week. Lenny was the first to awake. She looked at the clock, and saw that it had slept well, and had had anything to eat, and breathed the delicious, invigorating air, and was prepared for her breakfast.

She was in a quandary. In returning home at evening, to pick up and put in her valet attend any of the other delights that shone in connection; not only rags, but paper, straw, dry leaves, sticks, and such as these.

Of these she now made just fire enough in the room; piled on her kettle and made her tea and toast.

And then she took from a small bundle a store of crusts and bones and broken victuals, all of which she carefully saved in the days of her prosperity; and so she made her morning meal.

"I've done with Fancy's left. And mind you take care of that child while I'm gone."

And with these directions, she left the house to Meg, she put on her sunshiest bonnet and took her basket on her arm and went off to her usual haunts. And so did this notwithstanding that she had mastered the multiplication table at home, with her was the force of habit, or of ragamuffin.

After she had been long enough a meal of the fragments she had left, and washed it down with the milk, and warmed over, that had been provided for Lenny on the preceding evening.

Then she cleared the table, and straightened the bed, and filled the miscellin room as well as she could.

All this time little Lenny was watching her gravely, and occasionally turning his eyes with solemn curiosity upon the sleeping men on the floor.

When Meg had got through her house-work, even to the sweeping up of little Lenny's pallet, she came back to the child and sought to amuse him with the wonderful histories entitled "Red Riding Hood," "Goody Two Shoes," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and so forth.

And although of course Lenny had heard these wonderful stories a hundred times before—as what child has not—he was ready to listen to them a hundred times more—as what child is not?

"Now, what end of entry story he would ask:

"May, why not Dooas time?"

"Dooas will be sure to come, my pretty. Now let me tell you another story."

"Time soon?"

"Yes, she will come soon. Now let me tell you about Hop-o'-my Thumb."

Lenny signed.

Did you ever hear a baby sigh? In the most pathetic sound in nature. Fortunately they don't often sigh; they generally prefer to scream.

Another story was told; and then a song was sung; and so with telling stories and singing songs, Meg tried to while and amuse the child.

But at last he said again:

"Oh, May, why not Dooas come? I want see Dooas, so he can go to heave. But he laid trouble and his mother, and he's been naughty to Lenny to keep from doing so. But struggled naughty to keep from doing so. But his naughtiness he beat hope deferred nay better than his biggers."

This outrage at last gave way and he burst out sobbing.

"I want to see Dooas! I want to see Dooas I I will see Dooas so bad!"

Meg took him up in her arms and began to walk him up and down the room and sing to him; but his heart-breaking sobs arose above her song; and at last in despair she herself burst into tears and dropped down into her chair and hugged him to her heart, sobbing:

"Oh, my pretty, pretty boy, what can Meg do to comfort you? It was such a sin to take you from your mother!"

What a germ of a perfect gentleman little Lenny was!

As soon as he saw that his crying grieved his nurse, he stopped short with a gasp or two, and put his arm around her neck, and laid his head to her's, and began to kiss and coax her.

"Don't by, Mel; Lenny so sorry make Negs by! Don't by, Mel! Lenny be good boy—liked Lenny will! Let Lenny wipe eye."

And he took up the hem of his little frock, and tried to stretch it up to her eyes to dry her tears.

And she clasped him to her heart in almost hysterical passion, and kissed him, and shook him, and danced him until he laughed. And then a sort of lull, but well-understood, compromise took place between them—that one would care for if the other did not, but that either could help it.

It was long past noon when the men woke from their drunken sleep.

First, Red Roger tumbled up from the floor,

ALEXANDER AND DICK HAMMOND.

rubbed his eyes, stared about him, yawned, and sat down on the side of the bed to steady himself.

Then he got up, and walked across the room to where Meg sat with the child. He stared at him for a few moments, while little Lenny met the stare with unwinking eyes, and Meg trembled lest the ruffian should miss the shilling from his pocket; and thinking:

"Keep that little fellow close, mind you."

He took himself off to Reg's cellar.

Then Black Bill roused his lofty height from his bench, stretched out his feet, rested his arms on the table, sat down upon it, for a few moments, his jaws and nostrils, and his hands, and then went away.

These worthy gentlemen seldom breakfasted at home.

All that day, Meg had a hard time with little Lenny. The poor girl told all the stories she knew, all the songs she could sing, and tried hard to comfort and amuse him. And the baby-boy tried his best to be a little gentleman, and to help his promise not to cry; yet, every little while, he would burst into heart-breaking sobs and tears, and cries, the burden of which was:

"I want to see Dooas! I want to see Dooas so much!"

At length, late in the afternoon, he succumbed to the influence of exhaustion, and fell asleep. And then Meg crept on tiptoe, pallet, with one hand, and then drew the door to after her, and laid him with one hand, and then drew the door to after her, and laid him with the help of his own little shoulder, and crept down.

Leaving him asleep, she went out and spent her last farthing of the shilling, and with a penny-doll for bought him a mug of coffee and a penny-roll for his supper. These she brought home, and put away. And then she sat down to watch by the sleeping boy.

That evening, Alexander came in before the return of the men.

"I am glad I have found you alone, my girl," he said, as he drew a chair beside her, and laid his hand upon her's. "I have brought a little money to spend, and we can rather trust you to spend it than another. Can you do it?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"I dare say you can. Here's a penny-doll for his mother."

"Poor child! But he will soon forget her, and—he shall be taken care of. We will get him to the Highlands after a while, and then he will grow into a sturdy mountaineer," said Alexander to himself.

And soon after this he got up and went to Lenny. He found the child awake, sitting bolt upright and drank themselves drunk, and fast asleep, themselves down, and he awoke him.

Little Lenny slept on to his pallet, covered by Meg.

So passed the first day of the child's captivity.

On the second day, Meg's little friend, and abandoned her post as if, by the beautiful boy, growed him in rapt, and, with the baby-boy, growed him in rapt, and, with the baby-boy, growed him in rapt, and, with the baby-

finement, which was daily expected, before he should do this.

In this very frame of mind, and thinking of this very purpose, he came down the street where Alexander was waiting for him.

"Poor soul!" thought Alick, as he gazed upon him, "he is ageing very fast. His cares are too much for him. Or, perhaps, he has been ill, or in some distress even greater than usual. I ought to have looked after him long ago. I will do it at once."

And Alick quickened his steps to overtake the poor gentleman, who, in his deep pre-occupation of mind, had passed without even lifting his eyes from the ground.

Alexander quickly overtook him, and, lightly touching his arm, said:

"Everage!"

The poor gentleman started, turned around, and, seeing Alexander, looked aghast, as a criminal might at a constable.

"How do you do, Everage? I fear you have been ill," said Alick.

Everage shook in every limb, and said nothing.

"You *have* been ill, that is plain enough! Come—shall we hail a cab, and go to Véry's? It is *my* turn now, you remember," said Alick, cheerfully.

But Everage continued to gaze at him aghast, until at length he got breath enough to gasp:

"Good Heaven, my lord, is it you?"

"Come, Everage; your nerves are all unstrung, and you are shocked to see me looking so like a ghost. Indeed, I had liked to have been one. But here I am, alive at least, and likely to get well. Come—shall it be Véry's?"

"No, no, no—not that!" groaned the poor gentleman.

"The green-turtle soup is prime; now shall we go to that place in the Exchange?"

"No, no, no, Lord Kilcrichtoun! I can go nowhere to eat or to drink with you! I cannot, I cannot! Heaven have mercy on me! I am a lost soul."

"Why, what is the matter with you, Everage?"

"I am ill, ill, ill!"

"Your nervous system is broken down; life has been too hard with you, my friend! But come—I have news for you that will cheer you up! Let us drop into the nearest tavern, and get a private room, where we may converse confidentially,—here is the 'King's Head' near, shall we go there and have something comfortable?"

"No, no, no; I told you I would go nowhere to eat or drink with you, my lord!"

"Is your digestive apparatus so much out of order as all that? Well, then, if we don't go to eat and drink, we will go to talk. I tell you I have news for you—'you will hear of something to your advantage,' as the mysterious newspaper paragraphs say."

"Well, well, I will go with you, my lord; and perhaps I will tell you 'something to *your* advantage,'" he muttered, in a low tone.

So they went to the "King's Head," and Alick called for a private parlor, where they sat down to talk.

"Everage," said Alick, gravely, "I have had a long and dangerous fit of illness, from which I have scarcely yet recovered."

"Indeed, my lord! I had not heard of it; but, really, now I observe that you do not look well. I am sorry, my lord."

"Everage, you heard of the affair in which I was engaged? the——"

The word stuck in his throat; he would not utter it.

Everage looked puzzled for a moment.

"You know—the affair in which I was engaged in Jersey? the——"

"Oh, yes, certainly, my lord; I heard of the——"

And, in courtesy, the poor gentleman paused exactly where his friend had done.

"Well, Everage, I was severely wounded, and, in the illness that followed, I came nearer facing my Judge than I ever expected to do, without hearing my sentence. In the convalescence that followed, you may believe that I was brought to very serious reflection. Among other subjects, I thought of you, Everage, and took myself to task for not having done so before—nay, now, do not shrink and turn from me; I mean no such an impertinence as patronage to you, Everage. I would just as soon venture to patronize one of the royal princes. But I thought of a plan for improving the circumstances of your family, which even you might meet without detriment to your honest pride."

"Oh, Heaven! oh, Heaven, have mercy on me!" groaned the poor gentleman.

"Everage, you are exhausted; you really *must* have something," said Alick.

And he rang for a waiter, and ordered brandy; which was quickly brought.

Everage gulped a small glassfull, and then said:

"You thought of me—you thought of me on your sick-bed! You think of me still in your days of deep affliction! for you *cannot* have come to London without learning the loss of——"

Everage's voice broke down in sobs.

"My child? yes; I learned the loss from the newspapers—from the very first newspapers that fell into my hands after I was convalescent. I have thought of little else since my arrival. For the last eight days, I have done nothing but devise and carry out plans for his recovery. But, this morning, I remembered you and your affairs, and reproached myself for forgetting them. So, now——"

"But, about your child,—how *can* you think of any one or of any thing while he is missing?"

"Because I cherish a great faith that I shall soon find him. But about your affairs. I wish to speak of *them*," said Alick.

The poor gentleman waved his hand with a gesture of resignation and became silent.

"Everage, on that bed of illness and of self-examination I made many a retrospection of my past life and many a resolution for my future one. Among my retrospections was a review of my motives in going to so much trouble and expense in establishing my claim to the Barony of Kilcrichtoun, which I really did not want. I believe now that my only incentives to that action were idleness and *ennui*. I had nothing to do; and I was weary of my life. But having made the discovery of my descent from the old baron, I took some little interest in tracing back the lineage; and found some little excitement in following up the investigation and proving my claim. But as soon as all that was over and I found myself addressed on all sides as 'Lord Kilcrichtoun,' 'your lordship,' and 'my lord,'—on my soul, Everage, I felt heartily ashamed of myself and the title——"

"Yet it is an ancient and honorable title," sighed the poor gentleman, and he thought—"He values it so lightly, this proud Virginian, while I—I have staked my soul upon the bare chance of some day gaining it!"

"Yes, it is an ancient and honorable title; and it would well become an English heir—it would well become yourself, Everage! And but for me you would have been the bearer of it."

"But for you, my lord, I should never have heard of my remote connection with it."

"Everage, my friend, will you do me the favor to leave out all reference to that title in speaking to me? To hear it so applied makes me feel like a fool; and that is a fact. I am a plain Republican gentleman, a little proud, or perhaps I should say, conceited, on account of my old State, and still more so in respect of my native country; but I am not such an ass as to want to be a 'Lord.' Enough of that. What I *have* said, what I may yet say of myself will only be to explain my plan for you. Listen, Everage; I shall not claim your attention very long."

"I am listening, sir."

"I am going to try to be reconciled to my poor wife. (My illness brought me to my senses on that subject also.) I am going to try to be reconciled to my wife; and then we are going to return to our native land. But before I do either—before I do anything—I shall make over the Kilcrichtoun estate to *you*."

At this announcement the poor gentleman sprang to his feet, as if he had been shot from his chair; then, sinking back again, he covered his face with his hands and uttered such deep, heart-rending groans as could only be wrenched from a bosom wrung by remorse.

"Everage! Everage! my friend, what is the matter? Good Heaven's! how nervous you are! How shattered your health must be! But you will recover your strength again when you leave this stifling atmosphere composed of smoke and fog, and get away to the bracing breezes of the Highlands!" said Alick, kindly.

"Too late! too late! too late!" moaned Everage.

"Too late? No it isn't. You have no fatal malady. You are only broken down by hard work! You will recover in the Highlands. Think how your children will enjoy the freedom and fine air of the mountains. And you can take them to Kilcrichtoun and enter on possession as soon as you like. The necessary deeds of conveyance of the land shall be made out as soon as I can get the slow lawyers to do it."

"It is too much! it is too much! Great Heaven! this is too much to bear! You overwhelm me, my lord!" groaned Everage.

"But why do you say so? Everage! look here! I really do think that you have more right—a great deal more right to the estate than I have. You and all your ancestors were British born. I and my immediate progenitors were American born. What right had I to come over here and claim this title and estate? None whatever in *right*, whatever I might have had in law. And I cannot continue to hold it and to transmit it to my son, unless I expatriate myself and become a British subject. And I will not do that. Therefore I do not *want* Kilcrichtoun. A man is not even to be thanked for giving away what he don't want. As I said before, I shall make over the whole of the landed estate to *you*. I wish to Heaven I could also give you the title; but that cannot be so transferred, I believe; so the title must be dropped; for, of course, I cannot continue to bear it in my own country—it would make me simply ridiculous. When, however, you become the owner of Kilcrichtoun, although you cannot be the baron, yet you will have the territorial title, according to the custom of Scotland. You will be called 'Kilcrichtoun,' or 'Everage of Kilcrichtoun.' Come, come! cheer up, man!"

"Too much! it is too much! too much and too late!" groaned the poor gentleman, as he sat with his hands clasped tightly around his head, his bosom heaving and his eyes streaming with tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## A LOVE CONFIDENCE.

Some years ago, at one of Dr. Y.'s *soirees* at Paris, I met a gentleman whose name was *not* O'Sullivan, but whom, for the sake of concealment, I shall so designate. I had never seen him before, nor were we upon that occasion introduced to each other; but this ceremony he soon rendered needless, by introducing himself.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; if I am not greatly mistaken, your name is Fidkins." (I take the same privilege of concealment, under an assumed name, as I have allowed to my new friend.)

"Fidkins is my name."

"I beg ten thousand pardons again, sir; but if I am not greatly mistaken, you have lately published a novel called 'The Scheming Lover.'" (My novel, like my friend and myself, travels *incog.*)

"I have, sir."

"Why, then, sir, upon my honor and conscience, that is a mighty pretty thing to be able to say."

He smiled, bowed, and withdrew, and I, as in duty bound, was much amused at the oddity of the proceeding. Late in the evening, at Mr. O'Sullivan's especial request, Dr. Y. "favored" him with a formal introduction to me.

On the following morning, at an hour much earlier than is usual for paying visits of ceremony, my servant brought in Mr. O'Sullivan's card with Mr. O'Sullivan's most earnest request that I would grant him a quarter of an hour's interview. The rule being granted, as a lawyer would say, the gentleman entered; and after exhausting no inconsiderable portion of his time in preparatory "hems" and "haws," he thus began:

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; sir, I am the most unfortunate of existing creatures, and I come to beg your kind assistance. I have the misfortune, sir, to be most miserably in——"

"Debt," I expected he would have added, and accordingly made the most amiable preparations for expressing "my regret at my utter inability," etc.; but he continued—"Love."

It is astonishing with what celerity the sluices of our sympathy are opened, and how copious is the stream when it is not required to flow *Bank-ward*. "Sir," said I, "I should be happy to be serviceable to you in any manner in the world; but really it seems to me that in a case of this nature——"

"Pardon me, sir, but that is the very thing; you are the very person of all others to assist me. As I said, sir, I am most awfully in love; but, unluckily, sir, I—I am bashful."

"And so, sir, you come to borrow a little of my superfluous impudence? I am flattered by the compliment."

"Don't misunderstand me, sir; pray don't. No, sir, the case is this: your book is full of love schemes, (and, upon my honor and conscience, very clever they are!) but it so happens there is not one amongst them that suits my particular case."

"Well, Mr. O'Sullivan, have the kindness to state your case, and if I can serve you I will."

"Why, then, sir, in the first place the lady is a widow—she's thirty-five or thereabouts; no great disparity between us, as I am thirty-two."

"Is the lady handsome?"

"Why—that's a mere matter of taste, but—why, yes, in my eyes, she—I think, is handsome. But now for the difficulty; she has eight hundred a year of her own."

"A difficulty, perhaps, but surely no objection, Mr. O'Sullivan."

"Why, yes, and it is. If I propose to her, people will say it is for the dirty lucre; when, if you could read my heart, Mr. Fidkins, you'd see that—besides, have I not exactly eight hundred a year of my own—in Ireland—setting aside for the last three years the rent won't come in—so as for her money, you see—but to make an end, sir, I am cruelly in love with her, and if she won't marry me, I'll die."

"But it seems you have not yet proposed to the lady. Now it strikes me that, as a preliminary step, you should do so; at least you should sound her affections; for should they be engaged in another quarter——"

"Don't talk of that, sir; the very thought of that drives me mad. But I'll follow your advice; I'll see her to-day, and, should she refuse me, let nobody think I'll live any longer."

On the following day he came to me again; the upshot of his interview with the lady had been a flat rejection. Upon many subsequent occasions he repeated his address, invariably with a similar effect; and upon each occasion I received the honor of his confidence, together with the alarming assurance that at length his heart was broken, and that for him the sun had risen for the last time.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with him on the folly of indulging a hopeless passion, and that I endeavored to persuade him to try, by a change of scene, to forget the cruel fair one—to quit Paris, and go to Rome, or Nova Scotia, or to carry out a stock of pigs, paupers, and poultry, and colonize some newly-discovered land. His parting phrase still—"'Tis all of no use; she won't marry me; I'm the most miserable of earth's creatures, and now I'll die."

Business suddenly called me to England. I had neither seen nor heard of, and had almost forgotten "the most miserable of earth's creatures," when one day, about two years and a half afterward, as I was going along Pall Mall, I met him. He came up to me, and shaking me violently by both hands, exclaimed—"My dear sir—my dear friend—at last I see you again. This is the happiest moment I have enjoyed for many a day! You remember that unhappy attachment of mine? I was the most miserable man alive *then!* I'm a million times more miserable *now!*"

"For shame, Mr. O'Sullivan," said I, "be a man, and forget her."

"Is it forget her you say? And how the divil will I forget her, when we've been married these two years, and the divil a sixpence has she got any more than myself."

## THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

Mrs. Langley's house was but two miles distant. It was a pretty Norman French cottage, situated amid highly cultivated grounds, and Fenton found the mistress of the place in hat and shawl, overlooking the labors of two negro lads, who were clearing away the dead autumn leaves from the walks.

Mrs. Langley greeted him with some surprise.

"This is the first call you have honored me with since your return, Godfrey, and I am curious to learn what has brought you to see me at last."

Fenton dismounted, threw the bridle of his horse to one of the boys, and walked toward the house with her, as he replied:

"I came to you as a petitioner, Anna. But you should not reproach me for not calling on you, after the hard words you spoke to me the day we met at Silvermere. I scarcely thought I should be welcome."

"You know better than that. When I have said my say, I don't bear malice; and I have been so used to excuse your shortcomings, that, after my wrath spent itself, I was almost sorry that I had said so much. I cannot blame you very severely for being attracted by Opal, when there are so many reasons why you should be anxious to marry her. I was only unhappy about my brother, for you know how long he has loved her."

"It is unfortunate that Guy should have done so, but I am not responsible for that. He had the field open to himself when I was away, but I found Opal's heart open to the impression I have endeavored to make upon it. Our union is settled beyond a doubt, and I have come to you in the greatest perplexity as to what is to be done to warn Inez of the event that is so soon to take place."

"Inez? Is it possible that you have not broken with her before this? Do you come here to ask *me* to write and inform her of your approaching marriage?"

"Ah! if a letter only were in question, I could easily dispatch that myself. But Inez is on her way here now; she may be in Natchez in a few more days, and I wish you to meet her there; bring her home with you, and, as tenderly as possible, tell her that all is at an end between us."

Mrs. Langley looked very much displeased. She frigidly replied:

"It is asking a great deal of me; it is hardly fair for you to put on me this painful revelation. I was much interested in Miss Lopez, and, under different circumstances, I should be most happy to receive her as my guest; but, if she is to come to me half broken-hearted by your desertion, I had rather suffer the task of consoling her to devolve on some other person."

"You will not refuse me this vital favor, Anna?" he earnestly entreated. "I know it is asking a great deal, but if you have any sympathy for this poor girl, I beg that you will show it now. She will need a friend to counsel and protect her, that the world may be led to believe that she came south to visit you. What her father was thinking of when he commanded her to come hither alone, I cannot imagine."

"It is a strange thing for her to do; but why does not Mr. Lopez accompany her himself?"

"Why? Oh, I forgot that you know nothing of late occurrences in her home. Her father is dead; the will has been found, and Inez is a great heiress after all."

Mrs. Langley listened with eager interest, and she quickly exclaimed:

"Is it possible that the last is true, and yet you lingered near Opal. I begin to believe that she has really bewitched you in spite of your devotion to her rival last summer."

Fenton gravely inquired:

"Why should you doubt that I have discovered what is best for my own happiness? As I told you, my marriage with Opal is settled, and I am quite satisfied with the arrangement. I ask you, as my best and earliest friend, to aid me in the painful dilemma in which I find myself placed. Inez expects me to meet her in Natchez, but you must see that it is quite out of the question for me to do so. Dear Anna, I entreat by our old friendship that you will go in town and await her arrival at the hotel. You can tell her there, or bring her here, as you may think best; of course, I cannot dictate to you what guests you shall receive, but I think I have some claim on you for the service I ask."

Mrs. Langley sighed, and regarding him, steadily, said:

"'Men are inconstant ever,' but I did think that you were in earnest with this poor girl. Are you *sure*, Godfrey, that Opal has won all your heart from her? It may not be too late to extricate you from your embarrassing position as the betrothed of two girls, by giving a hint of the state of affairs to the one that is least interested in you. I believe that Opal will be glad to have freedom of action restored to her."

Fenton flushed, and half-angrily said:

"I do not know why you should fancy that; but I am not going to release her. I requested you to become the medium of conveying to Miss Lopez my resignation of all pretensions to her hand, and you reply by hinting that the one I prefer to her will be glad to escape the necessity of marrying me. If it is so, we are playing at a game of cross-purposes indeed."

"You have said it precisely, Godfrey. I cannot read your heart, nor fully understand hers, but I have the conviction in my own mind that neither you nor Opal are doing that which will secure your future happiness. I have not seen much of her of late, but when we have been together, her restlessness and assumed spirits showed me that she is not as happy as she should be in the prospect of the approaching change in her destiny."

Fenton was silent a few moments, and then abruptly said:

"It is too late to make any change in it now, at any rate. Have you decided what you will do with reference to my request?"

"Yes; but you need not feel grateful for my compliance. If I go to Inez, it will be for her own sake, that I may soften the blow that is about to fall on her. Poor girl! I pity her with my whole heart. But for you, Godfrey, fickle and reckless as you have shown yourself, I have no feeling of compassion. If you had manfully stood to your pledges to Inez in spite of the uncertainty of her fortune, you would now have been blessed with a faithful and affectionate wife, who would have bestowed on you as much as you can gain by a union with Opal. Do not deny the existence of interested motives to me, Godfrey, because I know they first led you to Opal's feet. You may like her in a feeble sort of way, but you *loved* the other—I know you did!"

Fenton coldly and a little haughtily replied:

"Yes, I loved her—it is well that you spoke in the past tense, for men like me do not long care for that which they have only to reach forth the hand to take. Had Inez been less devoted, perhaps I should have proved more constant."

Mrs. Langley indignantly said:

"That is enough, Mr. Fenton. All your egotism is laid before me now. I will meet Miss Lopez in Natchez, and bring her here, and it will not be my fault if she does not soon rejoice in the escape she has had from uniting her fate with that of a man who can speak as you have just done. I could not once have believed such a thing of you, Godfrey."

"Perhaps not; but I am not as good as a man as I was when a boy, Anna. I am sorry that you will quarrel with me for what I cannot help; but I can forgive your hard words in consideration of the service you have promised to render me. Since that is settled, I will leave you to nurse your wrath alone, as I have another engagement this morning."

"Will you not come in? We are just at the door, and you may at least sit down a few minutes."

"No, thank you. We have said all that is necessary, and I must go on my way. Good morning."

"But pray stop long enough to tell me how Miss Gordon is. She has been extremely ill, I hear."

"Yes—they thought she would die for several days; but she is recovering rapidly now."

"So much the worse for you. Are you not afraid of her?"

"Afraid? why, pray? Miss Gordon is nothing more to me than any other acquaintance."

"But you are much more to her, as you well know. She is deep as the sea, and like it too in another respect, for she is capable of wrecking any strange craft that floats in her way bearing a flag hostile to her own interests. Are you not certain that Nina Gordon loves you yet?"

The change in Fenton's face was so marked that it could not escape the penetrating eyes fixed upon him. He reluctantly asked:

"What reason have you for imagining such a thing? Nina is aware of my approaching marriage, and she has shewn no symptom of jealousy."

"Are you quite sincere in that assertion, Godfrey? What passed between you that day upon the lake, pray, and what sudden access of passion induced the young lady to throw herself into the water? I do not believe that she fell in accidentally."

"It is the truth nevertheless. The boat is an unsteady thing, and she imprudently arose as I was about to jump ashore; that was all, I declare to you. Nina could not hope to drown herself with a strong swimmer to bring her out of the water; and even if she had been in a fury with me, she has too much sense to cool her anger in that way."

"It was an unlucky plunge for her, since it nearly proved her death. But I have an idea that it would have been better for you if you had let her drown—better for Hastings' family if Dr. Wiseman had permitted her to die."

"It was not his fault that she did not, for he gave her up and declared that no human skill could save her. Mr. Hastings watched beside her that night himself, and brought her back to life. He seems to be deeply interested in her."

"I wonder that his wife stands it, jealous as every one knows her to be. I only hope that Mrs. Hastings will carry things with a high hand, and send the girl away before the wedding. I am really afraid for her to be there at that time."

"I think your apprehensions have no real foundation; but I must positively bid you good morning."

Fenton bowed and moved toward his horse, which the lad had led slowly after them. Mrs. Langley watched his receding figure a few moments, and then entered the house, took off her hat and shawl, and opened the door of a pleasant sitting-room on one side of the hall, in which her brother was writing.

Denham looked up as she entered and asked:

"Who were you talking with on the lawn? I did not come out because I did not wish to leave my employment."

"I am glad you did not, as it was Godfrey. He came to me on a strange and painful errand, and I hardly know how he had the courage to ask me to do for him what I have promised."

"What was it? I am not sorry that we did not meet, for some unpleasant words have lately passed between us. Fenton undertook to find some fault with my management of his mother's business affairs, but I gave him to understand that so long as I am the agent I will submit to no interference from him. We have not spoken to each other since."

His sister anxiously regarded him and uneasily said:

"I am sorry that you quarrelled with him just now. Others might think that you are willing to do so, because he has rivalled you with Opal. Dear Guy, I hoped all along that something would happen to prevent this marriage, but I have given up all such thoughts now. Godfrey declares that he is determined to hold Opal to her troth, and he would have me believe that he really prefers her to the poor girl he was so much in love with last summer."

An expression of deep pain flitted over Denham's face, and he gloomily said:

"I have comprehended since that day at Silvermere that such was his intention. I wish—I wish that I had spoken to her before Fenton came; I believe I could have now a promise from her that even her parents could not have induced her to break. But I lost my chance, and this vain, fickle man, with nothing but his great beauty of person and gaiety of manner, has stepped between me and my happiness. It is hard to give Opal up to such as he, but there is no alternative now. I must try and forget her, difficult as the task will be. What did he ask you to do for him, Anna?"

"Only to go in town to meet Inez Lopez, who is coming South in the belief that he will be glad to welcome her. Her father is dead, and she has recovered her grandfather's estate. But that does not signify now to Godfrey, for he asserts that he has ceased to love her."

"What madness brings that poor girl here, to be tramped into the dust by such an ingrate?" exclaimed Denham, indignantly. "I really think that Mr. Hastings should be informed of the exact position in which his precious son-in-law elect is placed, that he may see how little happiness his daughter is likely to find with the husband he has selected for her. I have a mind to tell him myself."

"Only to have your motives misinterpreted. No, no, Guy; that will never do. We must let things take their course, for all we could now do would be of no avail. Aunt Gertrude is the moving spirit of the whole affair, and we know of old that she is not easily circumvented."

Denham passionately asked:

"Why should *she* be permitted to ruin my happiness as a man, who tyrannized over me as a boy? But for the uniform kindness of my uncle, I believe that I should have run away before I was fifteen; then came his sudden death, when I was nearly grown, and it was found that the provision intended for me had not been made. His widow understood his intentions perfectly, yet she would do nothing for me but employ me as the agent for the property, while she hoarded every cent from her large dower, drawing from the estate of the two girls all that is needed for household expenses, that she might have means to place her own son on a better footing as to money than my uncle had ever contemplated. Godfrey and I were to enter the world on equal terms, but Aunt Gertrude has made me a dependent, while on her son she has lavished a liberal allowance. Her craft has enabled her to bring about the separation of Opal and myself, and accomplish her union with Godfrey. She knew that I always loved Opal; that from her childhood she has been the darling of my life; yet she ruthlessly laid her plans and carried them out. Oh, Anna, Anna! when I think of what might have been, I lose all my fortitude; but the most bitter thought of all is, that my stainless lily must be given to such a man as Godfrey Fenton. His vanity has absorbed his better nature, and after his treatment of Inez Lopez I feel as if he scarcely deserves to live."

"Hush—hush, Guy! don't talk in that strain. Godfrey has much good in him, that in your present mood you will not recognize. After all, if Opal had shewn great repugnance to the match her parents would not have forced it on her. She has been cold and distant to you since the day we dined at Silvermere, and we may have deceived ourselves as to her preference for you before Godfrey came back."

"A man who has watched the development of a beloved one as tenderly as I have watched Opal, is apt to understand her modes of thought and feeling. Until that false man came and fascinated her by his good looks and his flatteries, I was almost sure she loved me. But it is of no use to talk in this way. I have lost her forever—forever! but I swear endless hate to him that won her from me. If I could find a pretext for meeting him in deadly combat, I would seize upon it; but there is none that I can make available. We are so nearly connected, too, that the scandal of a duel between us would convulse the country."

"Guy, for Heaven's sake cease talking in this strain, or you will drive me wild. Any one that overheard you would suppose that you are ready to shoot Godfrey down at the slightest provocation. I insist that you shall keep out of his way, and avoid any difficulty with him. You seem to forget all about poor Miss Lopez; yet I am to settle when we are to go in for her, and what I am to *do* with her when we get her here."

"We will try to bind up her broken heart, and play the part of the good Samaritan. That is all we can do for the forsaken one."

"But it will first devolve on me to break her heart by telling her of Godfrey's perfidy," cried Mrs. Langley, "and that is what I dread about it. Oh dear, to think that such a task has been put upon me, and with my own consent, too. Really, I think it is taxing good nature too far to ask such a service as this."

"If it were only rendered to Fenton, I should say so, too; but we have a painful duty to perform toward this friendless girl. She must not be made the subject of gossip, and the only way to save her from it will be for you to go in town and await her arrival at the hotel, as if she is your expected guest. Fenton's name will not then be connected with hers, and the crushing disappointment that awaits her be known only to the few who are aware of her engagement to him. I will accompany you, and be on the spot to render you any assistance you may need."

"But suppose Inez declines to come home with me? She may prefer awaiting Godfrey's arrival at the hotel."

"She will not do that, I am sure. You have tact enough to make her anxious to hear news of Fenton, which you will only communicate beneath your own roof. We must lure her hither, and then, as tenderly as possible, tell her the bitter truth. Poor girl! my heart bleeds for her."

"And so, I am sure, does mine; but what does that signify? It won't make the telling of the story any the less difficult to me, nor will it lessen the heaviness of the blow to her. But of course we must go, and I must make a victim of myself."

"Yes, I think so, Anna; and you who have suffered yourself, will know how to minister to your sister woman in her hour of distress."

A shadow flitted over Mrs. Langley's sprightly face, and she sighed heavily, but said nothing in reply.

A few days later the carriage was ordered, and the brother and sister went in to Natchez, and took rooms at the principal hotel to await the arrival of Inez.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

Fenton rode slowly back to Magnolia much disturbed in mind by the words Mrs. Langley had so frankly spoken. A cold dread of some approaching calamity thrilled through his blood, but he put it aside with the vain thought that at least two of the women he had trifled with were dying of love for him, and in his heart he vowed to make the third one as devoted yet as the others had been.

The annoyance the coming of Inez gave him went far toward neutralizing such love as he still felt for her, and his predominant feeling was one of annoyance at her inopportune arrival. If she had delayed coming till he was on his way to Europe he would have cared little enough, and in his heart he execrated Nina as the cause of his marriage being deferred.

If his perfidy were betrayed to Mr. Hastings, he might yet chance to lose the hand of his daughter, with little hope left that Inez would forgive and receive him into favor again.

In this mood Fenton returned to his mother. Mrs. Markland was anxiously watching for him, and on his entrance she gave him a questioning glance, to which he replied:

"It is settled, mother. Anna has promised to do all I asked."

"That is well; and now sit down, and let us settle something else that is of no less importance."

Fenton listlessly threw himself upon a chair that was drawn up in front of the cheerful fire, and his mother gravely went on:

"No time must be lost now in fixing the day of your marriage. It cannot take place too

es and I deeply regret the delay that has ed my best make."

"I'm excited to more annoyed at it than I im here," was the snooty reply. "Since it is ik, its smarter it is now over the better. But ittle inconsequence illness of Miss Gordon, I and see how keen on my case she was in Fuego. ck Opal or my wife. I only wish she had less-minor time in which to get sick."

"I do not suppose that it was a matter of with her," retorted his neighbor, dryly, "if her with first to speak. Has she given ng cause to believe that she has remembers he thinks will her in your college days? I mindful that something unpleasant passed ines you when you went alone with her on ide in that unfortunate morning. Tell me h such, if you please, Godfrey."

"Well, mine, the plain truth is, that someing very unpleasant did pass between us, ne would have been flattered by what least, but I was only annoyed."

"Flattered! That the stupendous creature actually have some love to you?"

"Surely you'd like it," he replied, with a chuckle, "I begin to think that I am really quite a desirable person."

In complacent vanity enraged Mrs. Markhim. She snapped out:

"You are a fool to talk thus. Miss Gordon has not a strong influence over Mr. Hastings, the ign of which I think I understand, though ill not betray my conviction to you. But I can be of no power against you, and in the end ould make your marriage with Opal like to him. I have sent an invitation to Mrs. Hastings, and she have no demurrer, and I think that ne Sunday shall be fixed on as the wedding ay. Have you any objection to offer to such expense?"

"None!" Of course not. It but chimes ith my own impatience to call the divine Opal mine. She is a lucky fellow, and I envy him. ve no character who are ready to risk everyng to find real happiness, which is their fate ter some, and make the best of their disappointment."

Within no other was honesty there—as well it is to assess that jarred on Mrs. Markhim's nerves, and she spoke out what she said: "You are handsome as Apollo, Godfrey, in the light of manliness, compared with the rest of Jove's pensels. Those are the qualities that win you success with many of your sex; but for Opal's sake I hope that somewhere and somehow you will meet with a woman to pay you be beneath those. Don't be so eager to get that luxurious piece of meat. It destroys my confidence in you."

"Why, mother, you talk as though I'm mortal, and by no means complimentary. As to Opal's qualities, I intend to make her mine if she'd be second husband to your pet, and she shall acknowledge that I am a superior man to the one she has found me. I hope you do not contemplate an interference on account of the conversation of which you accuse me."

"I do not. Opal is right. You will be the only Opal; make her happy, and that is all I ask. Call on Friday, and I will present to her my petition in having Thursday fixed as the wedding day, and remember that I am your mother. Miss Lupe lands in Natchez. Did she tell you of the time of arrival, Ned?"

"Madam, that would be difficult, you see she was not in the train when it ran off the track on the 20th of February, and this is the ninth. If no other delay, she will probably be in Quito by the middle of the month."

"Then, as conversation on the other day cannot be insisted on. I sincerely hope that you will manage to change the arrival of Lupe to another that brings her hither."

"I will do my best," he muttered out of the door. His mother watched him with some anxiety as he went down the street.

"Opal may object to this sudden hurry; but I am sure that she will be glad to have me out of the way for the day I have named. To-morrow I will begin to risk everything."

"Madam," that would be difficult, you see that we are to leave Natchez on the 20th of February, and this is the ninth. If no other delay, we will probably be in Quito by the middle of the month."

"Then it will be found in nothing else that life may suffer from monotony, Godfrey. Now, my love, my own, I have no words with which to thank you for the sacrifice you have made me to kiss you now, will you not?"

He asked this question because all their wooing (Opal had never permitted him to press his lips to hers, or to put his arm around or around her form.

"Will you not kiss me once?"

Opal turned and kissed a small insect of this long coveted privilege. Then she looked at him, and the sweetness caress were pale and cold, and she gave for a moment half the power to charm.

"Opal! darling!" he vehemently exclaimed, "Why are you cruel to me? Am I not to be your heart, after all my efforts to awaken it?"

With a slight gesture of impatience she drew his embrace, and said:

"Let us return to the house and tell my mother that in five more days I have consented to become your wife. I am sure she will not assure you of what you are so anxious to know. If I had not a high regard for you, Godfrey, I would not have given it under circumstances."

"I must submit to your will in this matter, Opal; but I mean to make you love me shortly, in spite of yourself."

"I hope so, Godfrey, for I wish to love you above all others, and I will try to do so. Come—let us go in, and arrange the preliminaries of the marriage with my mother."

With feverish eagerness she hurried on the path that led to the house, anticipating in her words of rapture with the desperate feeling that she was striking a blow that would be her death. Godfrey Hastings was yet a child in years and feeling, and she bitterly trifled to be so deceived. Had she believed, was to save her father from the sad fate he had chalked out for himself, she was not to blame if she refused the alliance that had so much to recommend it to her.

Mrs. Hastings had restored the negro to what comparatively peaceful state he was in when made by Mrs. Markland; but she was in such a state of mind that a trifle would send her into the occasion, she thought, to say on which Opal was to become the wife of Godfrey Hastings, and to yield herself to the fate that she had so long feared. Opal was definitely settled, she became Mrs. Hastings, and was no unlike the quiet, refined, creature Fenton had known her to be. She regarded her in wonder. But he managed to make his demonstrations of affection in accordance with her own, and she laughingly said:

"We shall be a happy family, indeed, Godfrey; and it will hardly be safe for our friends to come to visit us, for we shall be so busy in our own devices. I intend to see everything; go everywhere, and write home about them over."

"I am not want admiration, Godfrey. I am not a divinity, nor do I aspire to be regarded as one. I want true and honest love, and I will give you that for me."

"I love you more than words can express, and my actions shall prove to you the value of my protestations," was the earnest reply, though Fenton felt self-condemned when he uttered the assurance.

The carriage was announced as ready, and as Mrs. Markland affectionately kissed her promised daughter-in-law, she whispered:

"Good-by, my love! you have made me very happy by the evidence of affection you have this day given to my son."

Opal returned the caress, and softly said:

"Good-bye, mother, and accept my thanks for receiving me into your house and heart as your own child. I love you very dearly, and I shall love you still more when I am Godfrey's wife."

The last word brought a rush of color to her cheeks, and then subsided to make her paler beside her mother. She hurriedly drew down her veil, but kissed her hand to Fenton, who stood on the steps waving a last adieu to them.

"Opal, darling," Godfrey Hastings then said: "it does not suit me to have things hurried up so, but I could not help myself. Why did you submit to the arrangement that has been made, Opal? I thought you were indifferent about being married very soon."

"Dear mamma, don't talk of it any more, please. I know I was of no use to assist her when a thing is inevitable. It is better to have it over and done with. If Godfrey and I are to suit for Europe, we should be there before the high winds and storms of March, mamma."

"Very well, child; if you are satisfied, I am sure I should be. We can have a grand occasion then when you come back, and that will compensate for this shabby way of doing. Godfrey is an occasion so important as to be worthy of Hyrre on Monday. Come, Godfrey, you are not to be so?"

All the color faded from her sweet face, and she faintly said:

"Oh, Godfrey, so soon! but I will do it! In two weeks more at least. I—I—"

She could not finish, and in the most important transaction of my life."

"But if you will reflect a moment, Opal, you will see that you are not to be married in a most unbecoming manner. I have written to Miss Gordon's illness as philosophically as I could; but now she is well enough, and will soon be so great as to impose any further delay upon us. I must insist upon your name as his own."

"But mamma wishes to have a large party to witness our marriage, and it will not be possible to have time enough to prepare for it by this mention. She will be so unwilling to consent to your proposal to-day, I fear."

"You cruel, by creature! you make me adore you, and then you would trifle with my feelings. Oh, Opal, if you feel for me one tithe of the love I cherish for you, you will not refuse me. What does it matter about a grand wedding? I do not wish to be married in public, and I only ask to make you my own in the most expeditious way possible. To-day, Opal, to-day you will join your caresses with mine to induce your mother to forego the pleasure of a public and ostentatious ceremony. Will you not, my love?"

"Godfrey, I will not mamma, Opal! Have you ever named more for Guy Denham than for any other man?"

"I don't know; I cannot understand my own feelings. Opal loves me, and I am glad of it."

Much to her mother's dismay, Opal suddenly began to sob hysterically. If he could only have seen the change that he made at some time, and as he will now at later, and he would have seen in this girl grew white as she uttered the words:

"I never wished to be married in public myself, and, if mamma will consent to forego that, we may as well be married to-morrow as any other day. You shall no longer reproach me with unbecoming conduct, Godfrey. If he could through God alone knows it will be found in a union with me!"

"Then it will be found in nothing else that life may suffer from monotony, Godfrey. Now, my love, my own, I have no words with which to thank you for the sacrifice you have made me to kiss you now, will you not?"

He asked this question because all their wooing (Opal had never permitted him to press his lips to hers, or to put his arm around or around her form.

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"Of course you shall, if you wish it. You do not know how charming you are to me in this new phase of your character. Be always sanguine, always gay, and I shall indeed adore you more than ever."

"I am sure you want admiration, Godfrey. I am not a divinity, nor do I aspire to be regarded as one. I want true and honest love, and I will give you that for me."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

### "MY LIFE, MY SOUL."

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"My life; my soul?" cries on the poet
To his love, in fervent glow.
Trusting in the spirit-symbol,
Spoaking with an Eden-flow.

What is life, what is soul being,
In their deepest meaning born,
But a vision with the object
Of our love—a ralabowed sphere

"Life" and "Soul" to be a fitting expression
Needs but sing what all can see;
Though they never speak conclusion
In a high poetic pool.

Who are they that love unselfish
Those who breathe in true Love's name,
Those who give incorporeal,
Are you from the inner nature?

For swindn' You're with us still
In the stars you bid her watch on,
And her sweet voice in the lill.

Yet not for dear women only
Let us know this love, but strive
Good will for our human brethren
And God's peoplel universe.

## SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

### FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXVI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

ON SHORE AT GIBRALTAR.

The morning came—the 20th of November,—and when our flag had been hoisted, and the guard mounted, which was done as quick as clock in the morning, a quarter-watch was called to the main for liberty, and all who were not under suspension of privilege for misdemeanor* were directed to report to the purser, and then assemble in the larboard gangway. The purser gave to each man two Spanish dollars, and when we were all ready we went over the side into the launch, and were soon at the landing.

I do not think that ever in my life I breathed more freely, or felt more keenly the feeling of free, fresh air, than I did as I walked up from the boat-landing into the town of Gibraltar. The weather was delightful; the atmosphere just cool enough for comfort; and there was a fragrance born where my mother tongue was the prevailing language, grew sparingly upon the Peninsula. It seemed odd, at first, to go into the streets in that old Moorish town, and find pronouncing, and read myself able to converse fluently in a language I had not studied since the events of half an hour our party had become pretty well divided into groups, and those of us were in pursuit of pleasure went with Paddy and I started ashore, as we usually did when we went ashore, Jack Miller being the only one who seemed inclined to keep me company. I was somewhat surprised at this, and had supposed that he would be one of the first to set off alone. In one of the tap-rooms, where some good quality could be bought for two-pence a glass.

I thought of poor Jonathan Bowles, and the knowledge that Jack's philosophy was just.

Our towards Europa Point they were to walk upon the fortifications, and we went that way. The first thing that attracted our attention was a gang of stone twenty or thirty soldiers who were at work, each with a ball and chain attached to his right ankle. Around the ankle was locked a broad iron strap, or band, to which was attached by a swivel joint a chain three or four feet in length, and to the end of this was made fast a round shot, or cannon-ball. But these shots were not alike. Some appeared to weigh not more than six pounds; some were twenty-pounders; some eighteen; while the heaviest were twenty-four. This gang was under the superintendence of a sergeant, who kept them about with a stout rattan in his hand; and they were employed in wheeling dirt in wooden hand-barrows. I was quite amazed to see how, occasionally, a fellow would unfasten the log-lead into the barrow, and then wheel it along quite easily. One man—I judged him to be an Irishman—who had a twenty-four-pound shot attached to his leg, would lift the shot into the barrow at the bank, watched his opportunity when the sergeant's back was towards him, and, picking up his cannon-ball, he laid it carefully upon the edge of the barrow, and then started off with his companions; and of all those who dragged the ponderous shot, he was the most limped and tugged as did he. To have jerked from his motions alone, the beholder would have at once set it down for a fellow that he had a heavier drag at the right foot than had any of the others.

While we stood there a corporal of one of the Moorish regiments that was stationed at the garrison and escaped acquaintance. He was a bold, good-hearted and good-natured fellow, and he offered in his services out of pure friendship; however, a later hour, when we returned him some refreshment, he refused, remarking that he didn't pick up our company for the purpose of getting his beer free.

I had supposed that those poor fellows had been doing some very wicked thing, that to have got themselves into such a scrape; but a new friend informed us that private soldiers were severely punished for trifling faults.

"These men must have fallen asleep on post or something of that sort," I suggested.

"Sleep your aunt!" returned the corporal, "that is death. These fellows have got into a little mistake at parade, or got in late at roll-call. You see that fellow who has the log on his his barrow?"

I looked and saw our quaint Irishman. His cap was in his barrow, and his twenty-four-pound shot was underneath it.

"That man is being thus punished for appearing on parade without his cap and cross-belt. The poor fellow will forget to wash his hands after he had blacked his belt, and the cross-belt was blot his solid his white look."

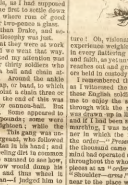
I could hardly believe it possible that the man who stood ready to pour out his blood for their country could be so inhumanly treated; but I was to see the whole thing with my own eyes before I left the town.

Having seen all that was of interest in this place, our dicerone proposed that we should go to the parade ground and see a regiment drill, as there was one to come off very shortly. This was one of the very things we wished to do, and our scout was quickly given. The drill-ground was near the lower fortress, and the troops were beating the long roll as we reached the spot. A full regiment of infantry, accompanied by ten companies, with nearly a hundred men to each company, was soon on the ground, and it was to me a grand and inspiring scene to see those companies, one after another, march on and come into line, being guided to their positions by markers thrown out as equal distances as with little red flags attached to their bayonets.

And then commenced the drill. The various orders were all given by the bugle, which seemed strange to me. Not a word from the colonel who commanded the regiment, but he turned to his bugler, and as the blast was sounded the men moved like so many nicely adjusted parts of one grand machine. They marched and counter-marched; marched in column by companies, and in column by platoons; and then, at the sound of the bugle, they broke into sections.* Another blast, and they came to company front; again, again, and then, by a quick movement and filing to the left, the whole regiment was marched back to the ground it occupied at two men each. It was the first time I had ever seen any thing of the kind, and I was utterly exercised away by it—so absorbed that I had no thought of anything else.

In other days, I had followed the "trainers" in my old town, and I had thought that something pretty grand. I remembered Capt. Parrish, with his tall red plume, and his golden epaulettes, and his bright sword; and I remembered the fife and the drum, and the pointed militiamen keeping time to the inspiring music; and I remembered the days when the trainers were out, school was dismissed, and how we boys used to long upon the backs of the company, thinking what a wonderful thing it was. I used to hold my place as near as possible to the captain; for, on those occasions, he was, in my eyes, by far the most important man in the country, and I used to think if I could only be a captain what a proud and happy creature I should be!

Oh, the poetry of childhood, and the golden glory of its anticipations! What floods of happy fights in its gorgeous processions, and what brilliant pictures in its possibilities of the fu-



ture! Oh, visionary age! No burden of bitter memories weighing down the aspirations; but in every direction the bright, golden future, and all full, as yet, unwrinkled by disappointment, resistless and unchecked, all wealth and fame to be clutched by the coming time!

I remember well the day, and the old fops, as I witnessed the marvelous performance of these English soldiers. I was a boy then, and I was to enjoy the scene. After long and close through with the marching, and the wheeling, and the firing, we came to the grand finale. I and I had been surprised by the quickness and the precision with which the men moved, but the manner in which the manual of arms was executed was astonishing. At the command the men came up as though the will of one person governed the movements of the whole, and throughout the whole line. By and by, with the command to "order," the men rested upon the butt of the musket—arms! One man, who stood very near to the place where I was standing, in the front rank, made a slight mistake in grasping his piece, and when it came to his turn he must be made a false motion, so that he was forced to bring the right hand to the second time to prevent his musket from tapping forward. And in order that the men might be acquainted with the manual of arms as practiced in our army may understand the nature of the mistake, I will explain that it is all the drilling I have ever witnessed British soldiers, and that the command from an "order" is performed in one motion. The piece is grasped by the right hand in the lower band, lifted smartly to the front of the body, and then thrown to the left, when the left hand must be ready to catch it if exactly thrown. Now, I would say that this man was a recruit, and when neatly performed by a whole company, it can be seen by spectators that the musket in each piece upon the tip, from which motion his whole company received the name of "Shoulder—arms!"

The commander approached the delinquent with a promptness and energy that said demanded his name. He was then ordered to "shoulder arms," and then, as he was at the "order," he was commanded to "present arms." Then a sergeant, who stood near by, was ordered to "bring the culprit to the front." The left hand must be ready to catch it if exactly thrown. Now, I would say that this man was a recruit, and when neatly performed by a whole company, it can be seen by spectators that the musket in each piece upon the tip, from which motion his whole company received the name of "Shoulder—arms!"

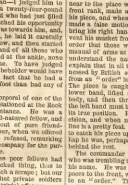
"Sergeant, take this man to the guard-house, and put him on the prisoner's report for duty with ball and chain!"

The next fellow marched away; and I found me more pleasure in seeing the soldiers drill. Then I was told that I could see a real good soldier so reckless and foolishly punished, and I was pleased with the variety; and once more have avoided than he could have avoided punishment. Then the regiment was dismissed, and we walked away, I asked our corporal if such things were common, and he said that it was only a circumstance to what I might see almost every day in the garrison, were I disposed to remain.

After leaving the parade-ground we obtained a pass to visit the works higher up on the rock, and we commenced the ascent through the town. We ascended by way of "Windmill Hill," which passes the southern extremity of the Rock, and the whole distance was traversed by a broad, smooth road, which winds around the heavy guns. From this hill we passed on to the north side of the rock, and there, in the "Alameda," from which point we struck off towards the "Governor's House," we found the entire side of a cave where we found a heavy gun hung in the solid stone rock. At the back, there was a winding stair case; there are subterranean passages extending from Gibraltar to the Spanish lines. The corporal pointed out one place where, at the lower extremity of the cave, a cannon was to be seen, and from which, at times, a strong current of air issues. Some of these passages extending under the bed of the strait is based upon the fact that at certain times of the year African vessels, sometimes in large numbers, are seen upon the rock, and the passengers, and disappear in these caves and dens, and the corporal those monkeys cannot come from Spain; and it does not seem possible that they could subsist from year to year in these caverns. The corporal told us that he himself at one time counted six of those monkeys, and that they disappeared in the caverns when he had pointed out.

It is a curious theory, and somewhat remarkable; but, I found, that it was generally entertained by the inhabitants, and certainly the premises appeared to support the conclusion. And then it is said by those who have treasured the traditions of the place, that before the rock was fortified by Duke Moor, in the eighth century, there were no monkeys, and that upon engulfing over the Spanish Straits, and basking upon its verdant slopes during the long summer months, and that when Moors and they disappeared, to come again with the return of warm weather. Others of the Moors do as they please; but for my part, backed up by the testimony of eyewitnesses, I am strongly inclined to believe the theory well founded.

The view from the old signal-station, at the extreme point of elevation, was grand and magnificent. Facing the east, we saw the Spanish coast stretching away upon the right, and to the right we could discover the African coast; while before us lay the blue waters of the Mediterranean, extending away to the distant horizon where the sun was to find its resting-place. To the west, looked down upon the sloping lines of fortifications, the great black guns pointing their grim faces, and the sentries, moving within the embrace of bristling ramparts; and



there in our belle—blonde or brunette is matter not—with her wondrous changes of rainbow raiment, (no pun intended,) languishing, or lively, as best suited her style, angling for admiration, with tones of voice skillfully concerted, but none the less effective; beautiful as a dream, and, like a dream, evanescent, and gone in a wide-awake; numbering her victims by the thousand, and knowing nothing more earnest in life than a perfect toilette and an intoxicated waltz. Indeed, the tip of her witch little finger to her pearl of an ear, she is but a mockery and a snare. For one, I never give her quite over till her first baby is laid in her arms. If that does not regenerate her, depend upon it nothing will. Then there is your authoress. Heaven pity her! "Is she married nor not?" What can she be saying to that man, who is not her husband? What an affectation in her always to wear black. For pity's sake, when does she, who is not a widow, ever think, find time to write? Don't you suppose that her husband does it for her? Her children are no brighter than other people's, as far as I can see. I wonder how her husband looks? I admire the way she sits down, and tells other people how to behave, while she herself is such a lawless creature herself! They say that an ox-team couldn't draw her out of the rut of an opinion. Well, I'll tell you what, if you ever see one of these scribbling women who "wears a plaid? Where does she keep it, by the way? Not in the dinner-bell; now well see whether she can find it. Ah, there it is, and now for the strong-minded woman.

Then there is the revered wife, like the unlicensed half of a pair of shoes, which has always weary weeks for the arrival of her husband, now for a month, and then for a little while, judging her artificially; and then, when the fare is quite beyond endurance, she takes to love. She has, I see, a natural flower in her hair, and her little girl has a rose-bud in hers, and we all feel a personal interest in that stranger husband coming, and in your semi-widow herself, for the coming of the train, as she paces up and down there, with her baby in her arms. Now if he shouldn't come after all! Wouldn't he deserve to be—but we mustn't say what he deserves to receive consolation instead? That's the universal remedy, isn't it? Poor—poor—dear Papa!—John!" It is dark at the station, and he hasn't come, and she goes home to bed, a rare ways satisfied, now pitiless, now dear. Oh! Simon, you are a fool, and you have missed that chimp. These ties, after all, are "Life," "Manhood;" with the "soul" left out. Now looking on such a scene, go nodding away in the darkness, with your head-stone, with your worn touch of lips long since dust, and the hands of a widow upon the aching, unforgetting heart.

PAINT FREE.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L. D.—You state that, "if a woman, who discovering that a man, to whom she is engaged, is utterly bad a wife, or that his marriage with her would be a curse to her, should break the engagement, she would be blamed by the world." Undoubtedly she would; but the latter cannot be punished for the former's sins. The world is not to blame for that. The world has no binding force on his second wife, then, of course, it had no power to punish him for his first act a nullity, and a nullity is nothing, and nobody can be blamed for nothing. Now, if the world were to punish him for the first wife's death, that the second marriage referred to would be "no marriage at all," and the world would be blamed for punishing him in fact. The courts have settled this beyond all question. Shortly ago, in the Court of Appeals, in Reports, page 200, where the Court of Appeals says "the marriage of a person who has a wife living is a nullity, and the parties, any, nevertheless, marry another person," so that you see that the world is not to blame for punishing him, for in fact there was, in the same case, that, "in exercise of legal duty, a marriage is declared void." Therefore, in fact, a marriage ceremony must be performed, or there is no marriage. Now, if a marriage is a nullity, it is annulled by nothing, and annulling a marriage is fact, or establish the fact of nullity. Now, it is the duty of every one to obey the laws which constitute the essence of his crime; and to hold that he cannot be punished for a crime, if he can plead that he cannot be punished for a crime, if he can plead that he cannot be punished for a crime, if he can plead